

Monday 10 P.M.  
February 17th. 96

My own Darling,

When I returned  
from Mt. Vernon this morn  
your dear face and Friday,  
& Thursday's greetings awaited  
me. They made me so  
ashamed of my neglect of  
you lately, till I have  
inmeasurable fits will not  
take hold of me often.  
However, I managed to make  
myself write you at least  
one word every day, as

that the record is not broken, and  
I have not missed reading our  
chapters once since starting. How I  
do hope you are enjoying the "Afternoon".  
I can picture your face as you come  
to each of my markings, they are for  
you only, Darling, no one else would  
understand. What a delight that  
picture is to me, though it does not  
do you justice - the bronzing is bad -  
making it not so true as the proof  
they have taken out all the lines and  
shadows from the right side.

Still, Darling, it is a picture  
of my love, looking straight at me  
and I shall be able to see you  
goodnight now. You are looking  
at me now as tho you would say,  
"What's the use of writing, I can read  
your thoughts, my love."

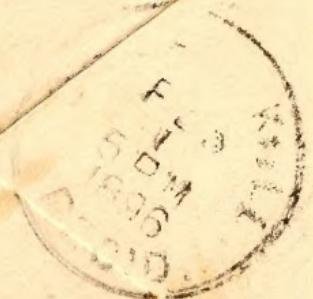
Dearest, I had such a glorious  
time visiting the Hawkins Family at  
Mt. Kisco. I went yesterday after  
dinner and came home this forenoon.  
They are almost my ideal of a family.  
The father & mother are just as fresh

and you as the young  
people, and are becoming  
comrades with the young  
people who visit all the  
house; Such a home is  
beautiful where the old  
are in full sympathy  
and good comradeship  
with the young & dear son

Well my dear love,  
I must bid you goodby at  
When Mallinson comes  
this week, I shall introduce  
you, so you need have  
no more misgivings. -

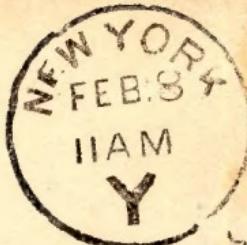
Bless you, my darling  
Goodby all.

Your Grace Lenthal



77

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